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A Plea for Conservatism.

There is much reason to fear that though a large number of thoughtful persons in the democratic party realize that no organization has an absolute free simple title to the country, many of the light-headed leaders think differently, and, learning nothing from past experiences of their own, or the more recent experiences of the enemy, they propose to push the party into an extreme position on the tariff as well as on the silver and other economic problems, and repeat the follies which have hitherto brought nothing but disaster. This they propose, too, in spite of the fact that the masses have within only three years dealt the extremists of both parties blow which one would suppose sufficient to curb the exuberance of the most inflated blatherskites in the land. Cleveland, stuffed with the confidence of conceit, thought the country belonged to him and scorned the protests of the more prudent leaders of his party. Mr. Whitney sat up nearly all night with him pleading against the folly of his message. Mr. Randall had previously put in a vehement protest; but, seeing that the man thought he knew more than all the rest of his party combined, left him in disgust. Brice pointed out very clearly the fatality of the proposed step; and other democrats, hardly less prominent, expressed their dread of results.

But the bull hit the locomotive square in front, and we know the rest. Vicious partisans like Reed and Cannon, and even so conservative a man as McKinley, thought they could do everything so long as they kept the popular protective policy prominent. They accordingly framed a tariff bill, which, though in the main meritorious, contained many extreme provisions, was intensely and meanly sectional, and, not content with this, they divided the contents of the treasury among the Grand Army of the Republic and concocted a conspiracy to destroy both the peace and prosperity of one-half of the Union. In their zeal and hate they forgot that they were imperiling an enormous amount of Northern capital, and that the votes of the North are sure to go with its millions—that the heart of the Northern people is invariably found where their treasure is, which ought to be true of the South, if it isn't. Fortunately for the country the adder was blinded by the excess of venom, and in striking so wildly it hit itself.

Under these conditions it is not time that the conservatism of the democratic party have a hearing? The republicans will still have a majority of six and perhaps seven in the Senate, and the executive chair remains in possession of the enemy. The majority in the lower house can accomplish little good and may do a deal of harm. It won't do for the democrats to pass extreme measures in one branch of the legislature to have them voted down in the other or vetoed by the president. By their fruit the country will know them; and the record they make must yet be passed on by the people. They have not reached the goal. The end of the road is still far off, and there is ample opportunity and great danger that they will become lost in a wilderness of vagary and false doctrine before they get there.

A New Life of John Randolph.

It is reported that Mr. Parton is engaged in writing another life of John Randolph of Roanoke. Mr. Parton has a charm as a biographer. He is one of the few writers of biography who has a proper conception of such a task and who shuns the stilted formulae which writers like Irving, Marshall, Headley and a number of others established as something of a criterion for such work. They give us little conception of the actual men they write about and bring them down to posterity in state dress and on stilts.

If it is true that Mr. Parton is engaged in such a task however, it is to be hoped he will divest himself of prejudices which are both striking and offensive in his sketch of Calhoun and in his "Life of Jackson." In any event the work cannot fail to prove interesting.

It is a peculiarity of some characters that they seize upon and fascinate the imaginations of men by a power akin to that with which the most dangerous reptiles and the most savage beasts rivet the attention of those who look upon them. John Randolph, of Roanoke, is one of these characters. No man in American history is so full of this subtle charm. Able men in many respects, stronger and broader minds than have been—minds that exercised a wider influence upon our civilization, and left a deeper impression upon our history—but no one has aroused more curiosity, or excited a more active interest. Yet, with all the inquisitive concern the name of the eccentric Virginian excited, and still excites, there was no one more misunderstood during life, or who has been more misconceived since. No biographer at this day, with everything before him that Randolph wrote and said, or that has been written and said about him, can claim an accurate insight into the depths of that desolate nature. It was the bitter complaint of Mr. Randolph himself that no mortal but his mother had ever known him. The complaint came like a cry from the depths of a despairing heart, yearning for that constant love and tender sympathy peculiar to a mother, and which patiently and perseveringly follows and clings to her offspring in spite of physical or moral deformity; which tires not, but grows fonder still with each additional sacrifice, and each new suffering. By nature he was

proud and sensitive, and he shrank from the impertinent scrutiny of strangers, or the officious sympathy of ordinary friends. His heart, hard and cold to the world, embittered and darkened by solitude and sickness, would readily have opened its doors and windows to the sunlight of a mother's love. She alone knew him.

In addition to the life of Randolph by Garland, there have appeared numerous sketches and reminiscences of the great Virginian by authors who performed a less ambitious task. No one is better qualified than Mr. Parton to sift and digest all these vagrant contributions to the history of the man and his time; and to give us, for the first time, at once a more accurate conception of this eccentric character and of the part he played during an interesting period of our national life.

THE Manufacturers' Record will please correct an error which resulted from its publication of the table that appeared in these columns referring to the timber interests of this section, and in which it omitted to state that the measurement of the trees was the minimum. The average measurement was much larger, and the maximum was, of course, larger still. The article, as it appeared in the Record, is calculated to produce an erroneous impression. Though the Record seems averse to making references to the resources of this immediate section, we do not think it would intentionally do Big Stone Gap a downright injustice.

EVERY one interested, however remotely, in Big Stone Gap or the surrounding country, should give the Commercial Club, their hearty support. The committee are working with a will, and thus far there is every indication that the club will become a powerful engine for the accomplishment of valuable results. No more effective mode for advertising the place, for pushing it forward and protecting individual interests from unjust exactions, could be adopted. Good practical results from this work will soon be apparent.

A FEW echoes of the election are given in this issue of the Post, but hereafter we hope it will not be necessary to say much about politics. It is time that we get down to business. There is a deal more money in the latter and money is what all of us need just now. The democratic party has gained an overwhelming victory, but where are the profits of it? Let us make for the more material things. A big balance in bank is, after all, more comforting than any number of political victories—that is we are told so.

It is hardly probable that the democratic victory was due to the hostility of the country to the McKinley bill, since McKinley was the only republican except the opponent of David A. Wells, the free-trader, who increased the vote of his party and reduced the vote of the Democrats. McKinley had a democratic majority of nearly 4,000 to overcome.

HON. ROGER Q. MILLS has announced himself a candidate for Speaker. If the democrats wish to take the shortest possible cut to defeat they have a chance of doing it. Mills can get them there as soon as any other living man.

AIRY TONGUES.

Dogs are almost as numerous now at Big Stone Gap as leaves on a mountain side. There are many varieties of them, from the huge, black-mouthed mastiff—and I speak of him with the greatest deference—to the petty pug, with its scornful nose and curled tail. But the hunting dog prevails. There is Grover. Perhaps you don't know Grover? Well, Grover is a dog of marked individuality. He knows the town from end to end; and so independent is he that he will take offense at mere trifles, leave home, deprive the family of his company, and remain away until he thinks their hearts are full of penitence, or entirely broken. He seems, too, to think that all his resorts belong to him; that he has a summer residence, a winter residence, a place to occupy when he is in a mill, and that all of them are solely his. Whenever any other dog approaches his premises his tail and hair stand on end, and he notifies them that they must not come too near his sacred domain. Indeed, he has had placards put up all over town with the words: "This property is posted." He gives orders to the servants and talks freely to them about his favorites, as well as those he dislikes. On one occasion he left home with the declaration that he would not return until the house was cleared of visitors, and he didn't. He has been known to absent himself a week because they gave him a "round" steak for breakfast instead of tenderloin.

Then there is Lee. Everybody knows Lee and he graciously swallows his stomp of a tail whenever a friend calls to him, "Hello, Lee!"—that is if he chooses to recognize the person who greets him and has nothing against him. Lee is familiar and friendly, and so popular that he might run for Congress and win. Yet he is exclusive. He has but one place which he deems worthy of the honor of his social visits, though he goes elsewhere on business, and that is this office. A few days ago he called, took dinner and spent the night. The next day he went home and as much as told the house girl that he must have an extra blanket on his bed.

Then there is Ryan, a blue-blooded dog, with a pedigree as long as your arm, and the impudence of the devil. Ryan is a new-comer, but by no means a tender-foot; and he goes about much like a Roman Praetor who takes possession of a new province. If on a hunting expedition, he will enter a gentleman's house for the first time, go through it, examine every apartment as if he wanted to see if everything has been going on right during his absence, scrutinizing the kitchen particularly, and appropriating to his own use and benefit whatever is in sight, from a roast of a beef to a chicken bone. After the hunt he will select the softest place on the parlor carpet, proceed to pull all the burrs from his long hair, scatter them right and left, and look up at the owner of the premises with the air of a dog who has done a public service. If the night is cold he will insist on occupying a part of the bed with his master, and, like Banquo's ghost, will not "down."

A London dispatch contains the intelligence that Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, while presiding over the Court of the Queen's Bench, was suddenly stricken with paralysis, and that there is no hope of his recovery. It will be remembered that Lord Coleridge visited this country a few years ago, on the invitation of the American Bar Association. He was invited to Louisville by the bar of that city, and spent several days at the Galt House as their guest. A number of prominent lawyers paid their respects to him and toasted him around, all of which was the proper thing to do. But he invited many of them to breakfast with him or dine with him on certain days. They

thought it was a great honor to receive the invitations of his lordship, and these invitations were uniformly accepted. It was found, too, that he was not very discriminating in making them, and now and then he got a sapperhead on his right as his guest. His lordship seemed, however, in no way disturbed by these little errors of judgment, and was as liberal in his orders both for solids and liquids—he never ordered any but the best wines and brandies—when he had a noddle with him as when he had the heads of the bar.

The secret of this sort of generosity, however, soon leaked out; for his lordship is noted in England as one of the most penurious of men, even requiring his own daughter to fill the place of maid of all work, and paying her a pittance for her pains. In other words, he made her work for her living, and gave her small wages at that—labor in England being cheap. Well, every gentleman who had the honor of dining or breakfasting with his lordship promptly had the bill for the entire repast presented to him. It was English, you know, so they said, and all right. It was humiliating, however, to see how many tuff-hunting lawyers accepted these invitations after this fact became known. "When we go to England," they reasoned, "his lordship will show us some attention." Some of them went to England subsequently, but when they returned they were mum on the subject of his lordship's attentions. Indeed, there was much reason to believe that his lordship had forgotten them and was too busy engaged to receive the calls of strangers. All will, however, sincerely lament his lordship's present misfortune.

The time which ladies devote to their finger nails is not wasted. They are very pretty when properly cared for, having a transparent pink hue as delicate as the coloring of an opal. Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague became famous for her finger nails as well as for her intelligence. The pink hue indicates a healthy circulation, and, besides, is said to be an indication of pure Anglo-Saxon blood.

The hunt is the thing. The season has opened auspiciously, and our sportsmen, good and bad, have been hanging at the birds in every direction. Partridges are plentiful, and reports from those who have traversed the mountains indicate that pheasants are also numerous. Deer have been seen about High Knob, and traces of bear in Stone Mountain. For the most part our hunters devote themselves to the small game. One gets quicker action; and, after all, I submit it is the finest sport. As a recreation and a wrenching of the mind from other matters it cannot be surpassed. I care not what one's troubles are, how many deferred payments he has to meet, how many notes he has in bank, how disappointing may have been his efforts at matrimony, when the dog comes to a square point the worried hunter at once "forgets his loves and debts," and his entire mental faculties are concentrated on the question, "which way will they fly?"

We have some fine shots at the Gap and a supply of superior dogs. But the terrible ridges one has to tramp over! To a fleshy man they are worse than a nightmare. Then to one of tender feelings the pitiful birds struggling to escape the fowler, the timid fleeing creature, now crouching to avoid detection, now flying for their very lives, excite the hunter's pity and arouse his remorse. How relentless the pursuit and how eager are both dog and man for the prey!

Ducks are also reported in the rivers. Later on they will be fine game. The Mallard and Blue-Wing are found here; and several times recently some very poor shots have bagged woodcock.

Whenever these last are cooked they should be cooked whole, with the trail. The flavor is richer and more delicious. But in dressing all birds care should be taken to pick them cold. The tips of the feathers are rooted just under the skin. These tips contain oil, and when they are soured in hot water before picking the oil is suffused under the surface of the skin, rendering the bird unpalatable, because of the strong, feathery taste.

It is said there is a barber in New York who is overran with custom and commands his own prices. He has a remedy for the logical headache which follows a night of debauch; and it is a simple one. He merely takes four or five towels, dips them in boiling water and completely envelops the head and face. As soon as one feels, he has another hot one ready to take its place, and this process is continued for some thirty minutes. When the towels are removed the headache goes with them, and the sufferer feels as placid and serene as a May morning. I am told the remedy is a great thing.

Prominent Mason Dead.

MIDDELBURG, Ky., November 10.—Major Utham Bassett, grand secretary for the Masons for this State, who had a paralytic stroke last Saturday, died today.

One of Life's Compensations.

(From the Atlantic Globe.)

The fun a man has watching a woman sharpen a lead pencil, a woman has watching a man thread a needle.

Pinewave Stock.

(Louisville Post.)

A flurry in Pinewave stock is the thing of greatest local interest in this city. The stock has dropped as low as 20c, but has risen 4 points, and there is considerable trading. Somebody is buying heavily. There are rumors of a new deal.

Important Sale in Kentucky.

(Harrisburg Sayings.)

Cod, Jack, claim said twelve fine foxhounds to come to Cod, John, brother, of Chicago, at from \$20 to \$40 each. Cod, brother, invited him to come to a certain point in Illinois, to join with him and others in a two-weeks' fox chase, which invitation was readily accepted.

Rich Deposit of Silver.

RALPH, N. C., November 13.—The superintendent of the Silver Valley mines in Davidson county, reports the finding of the richest deposit of silver ever found in the South, a large vein of carbonate of lead, carrying seventy to one hundred ounces of silver and 20 per cent of lead to the ton or so.

Consumptives Cured.

BRENN, November 12.—Prof. Koch has discovered, as completely cured, several of the patients whom he has been treating of the ribbed disease of silver ore. He fully promises that the method of treatment will be made public within three weeks. He says that the method is not exactly of the nature of inoculation. He says that it cures Lungs quickly and surely.

Convention of Real Estate Agents.

Invitations are out for a convention of real estate agents of Virginia, to be held in the city of Norfolk on November 18th and 19th. The objects of the convention, as set forth in the invitation, are to effect better acquaintance among real estate agents by bringing them into closer association, to elevate and improve the methods of business, and to discuss the propriety of forming a Central Exchange, and to establish a real estate paper devoted to advertising the great resources of Virginia.

Wise on His Native Heath.

(Richmond Dispatch.)

John S. Wise, of New York, is in Virginia. He has been in Richmond for a day or two and left yesterday for the home of Mr. Selden, about fifty miles from Richmond & Alleghany railroad, and will spend several days hunting up in that neighborhood.

She Might Have Expected It.

NEW YORK, Nov. 10.—Heavy judgments have been entered against the Duchess of Marlborough in default for debts contracted at Birmingham, England. They aggregate \$476,121, and are for money loaned her in that place. Her creditors are the Lloyd Bank (limited), \$130,000; Robert Harding Milward, \$462,000; and John Jaffrey, \$48,000, who secured judgment for these amounts, besides costs, and interest from September 20th, when the money was borrowed. The summons were served personally upon the duchess, but she did not appear.

PRESS IMPRESSIONS.

They All Have Their Say and Tell How It Happened and Why.

WHAT BLAINE SAYS.

KEEP TOGETHER.

(New York Sun, Democratic.)

It depends upon the democrats in the Fifty-second Congress whether the next president shall be a democrat or a republican. If they pursue a wise, conservative, and thoroughly democratic policy, a Democrat will be elected president in 1892. The violent and fraudulent schemes of the republicans cannot prevent it. If the democracy is kept united, nothing can defeat it. It can be kept united if the advocates of free-trade are not allowed to get the upper hand again. If they do, disaster is inevitable. In the exultation of a success no inconsiderable part of which is due to factional quarrels and disaffections among republicans, which will have ceased to exist by 1892, the democrats must not lose their heads or fancy that they can afford to intermeddle rashly with the great material interests that were threatened by the policy of disaster. The country has condemned the republicans. It will approve the democrats if they show themselves worthy of confidence and capable of using their victory wisely.

The democrats have got together. They must keep together. If the democrats in the Fifty-second Congress only avoid dangerous experiments, and remember that the democracy is a great national party which must use its power in accordance with its established and essential principles, and not a debating society for the airing of its economic theories, the victory of 1890 will be a preparation for the greater victory of 1892.

A NATIONAL ELECTION.

(New York World, Democratic.)

It was a national contest that closed with Tuesday's election. Everywhere the lines were drawn on the deeds and misdeeds of the Harrison administration and of the Speaker and his followers in the House of Representatives. From one end of the country to the other the great issues of the day were fought out. The result has been of the tariff, of Reed's rules, of the proposed seizure of the General Government by means of the force bill.

Similar vigorous denunciations of the McKinley bill are to be found in the democratic platforms of Minnesota and Wisconsin, where the democrats have made large congressional gains.

In all these western States the farmers were either active in their organized alliance or remained passively at home, permitting their old party to be beaten.

A great wave of national politics swept over the country, and the result demonstrates beyond the shadow of a doubt on which side of the controversy made definite by the republican administration and the republican Congress are the people of the country. The victory is like that of Gettysburg. It was won by the intelligent and courageous men of the rank and file.

THE SITUATION.

(New York Tribune, Republican.)

After the defeat the natural question is as to the cause. It suits democratic purposes to claim that the people have condemned the McKinley bill, the election bill, and the administration. Republican apathy, indifference, and general off-ness interpret as a positive refusal to uphold the measures and the management of the republican party. Thus it is evident that many quarters, as in this city, many thousands of republicans failed to vote at all. The democratic theory is that the non-voters are more than half democrats.

It would be more reasonable and truthful to recognize the fact, known to everybody who takes any active part in politics, that sheer laziness and indifference count for a great deal. When it is felt that there is no emergency, and that the maintenance of a national policy may depend upon each vote, men take the trouble to leave their work and get to the polls. This year many thousands did not, and the same sort of thing has happened in the second year of every presidential year for a long time. The voters who prevail in the presidential election feel that things are safe enough and they can afford to be lazy. Added to this is the comparative indifference of a large number of workers upon whose personal efforts the bringing out of a full vote usually depends. Many of them are applicants for office, of whom nearly all have been disappointed. Until another presidential struggle comes they make less effort. It is not creditable to the people that the exercise of the right of suffrage by thousands should depend upon personal prodding by interested workers. But that is the fact, and he deceives himself who ignores it.

A SENSIBLE VIEW.

(Birmingham Age-Herald, Democratic.)

The victory came not so much because of our merits as the demerits of our enemies. It was the sine of commission on the part of the republicans that the country meant to rebuke, more than any just action on the part of the democrats. The republicans have been given full swing—they were allowed all the rope they wanted, and they hung themselves. What the democrats must learn is, that since the country has trusted them, they must try not to do as their overboarded adversaries have done.

Mr. Cleveland's tariff message, it has been said, made the McKinley tariff possible. The republicans presumed on the unpopularity of that message to go to dangerous extremes. Now the McKinley tariff has made an overwhelming democratic majority in the House possible. Let that majority beware of extremes, lest the pendulum of public opinion again carry the party into the humble position from which it has just been delivered.

The milestones along the path which the democratic party has trod are marked with blunders. Let us resolve that no more such inscriptions shall be placed upon those stones which are still alive.

A POINT WELL NOTING.

(Pulaski News.)

As to the tariff, The News is quite confident that Southwest Virginia will, ere long, demand of candidates for Congress in either party as one element of fitness, a firm stand for protection. It was quite evident, however, that the tariff was not accepted by the democrats as an important issue in this campaign, being dismissed with the declaration that the country would have the McKinley law for several years, anyway. Sam Randall's tariff views are good enough for adoption into Virginia. A prominent democrat from over the mountain expressed very much the same sentiment during a conversation on Wednesday, and there were very many of his way of thinking. The News objects to the proposition that protection is a republican sole ownership, for the names of eminent protection democrats are too well-known to allow party lines to be thus drawn.

NOW FOR DEMOCRATIC BLENDERS.

(Baltimore Herald, Independent.)

A careful review of the two great parties who have helped to make the history of the United States for thirty years will bear the Herald out in the statement that the republican party has subsisted for two decades or longer on the blunders of the democrats. When it won it won on the mistakes of the republican party, and then restored that party to power by its own mistakes.

BLAINE'S VIEW OF IT.

(From his speech.)

"I do not mean to imply at all, gentlemen, that the result of the elections for Congress will in any great degree affect the republican party. I believe that from the presidency of Andrew Jackson, with one exception, down to the time of Abraham Lincoln, the republicans have been the time of John Quincy Adams to Abraham Lincoln, with one exception, every administration lost its second Congress."

Here is the summary of congressional elections between presidential years for the past fifty years, compiled by the Philadelphia Press:

1840—William H. Harrison (whig) elected president. Congress elected stood, whigs, 133; loco-focos, 102. The Congress elected in 1842 stood, whigs, 69; loco-focos, 140.

1844—James K. Polk (democrat) elected president. Congress elected stood, whigs, 76; loco-focos, 135. The Congress elected in 1846 stood, whigs, 115; loco-focos, 108.

1848—Zachary Taylor (whig) elected president. Congress elected stood, whigs, 111; loco-focos, 116. The Congress elected in 1850 stood, whigs, 88; opposition, 140.

1852—Franklin Pierce (democrat) elected president. Congress elected stood, whigs, 71; democrats, 150. The Congress elected in 1854 stood, republicans, 108; democrats, 83; Fillmore-Americans, 43.

1856—James Buchanan (democrat) elected president. Congress elected stood, democrats, 131; republicans, 92. The Congress elected in 1858 stood, republicans, 114; democrats, 87.

1860—Abraham Lincoln (republican) elected president. Congress elected stood, republicans, 100; democrats, 42; unionists, 58. The Congress elected in 1862 stood, republicans, 102; democrats, 75.

1864—Abraham Lincoln (republican) elected president. Congress elected stood, republicans, 145; democrats, 40. The Congress elected in 1866 stood, republicans, 143; democrats, 49.

1868—Ulysses S. Grant (republican) elected president. Congress elected stood, republicans, 150; democrats, 61. The Congress elected in 1870 stood, republicans, 131; democrats, 96.

1872—Ulysses S. Grant (republican) re-elected president. Congress elected stood, republican, 195; democrats, 88. The Congress elected in 1874 stood, republicans, 108; democrats, 108.

1876—Rutherford B. Hayes (republican) elected president. Congress elected stood, republicans, 147; democrats, 153. The Congress elected in 1878 stood, republicans, 130; democrats, 149.

1880—James A. Garfield (republican) elected president. Congress elected stood, republicans, 152; democrats, 130. The Congress elected in 1882 stood, republicans, 119; democrats, 200.

1884—Grover Cleveland (democrat) elected president. Congress elected stood, republicans, 138; democrats, 182. The Congress elected in 1886 stood, republicans, 132; democrats, 169.

The Lodge Bill Did It.

(Baltimore Herald, Independent.)

There is but one way to interpret the results arrived at in Tuesday's balloting. It was the policy of the Fifty-first Congress which was on open trial, and which has been repudiated by the people. No ordinary revision of public opinion could have swept doubtful districts as by a storm, and even the party in Congress, if it did not raise the claims of an "off year" and the apathy of voters in the face of a contest like this. In many localities a large vote was cast, and intense interest was felt in the result. The inference is plain, then, that the recent policy of Congress, particularly as embodied in the Lodge bill, the arbitrary action of Speaker Reed, and his sustenance by the Republican majority are repugnant to the people, and they have said so in the only way left for them to speak.

The Lodge bill is not only repulsive to the South, but to the fair-minded men of the North, who have spoken in no uncertain tones. The time has passed for sectional legislation, and an extra session of Congress called at this time to pass that obnoxious measure would be suicide for the republican party.

It is not to be denied that the republican party will learn a valuable lesson from the mistakes of the past few months, just as the democrats have learned wisdom from their own errors, and that the same old fight between the same old parties will be on again in 1892.

The Force Bill a Mistake.

(St. Louis Globe-Democrat, Republican.)

It is not difficult to point out the immediate causes for the republican reverse. To the Federal election bill and the tariff must the result be chiefly attributed. An unfortunate mistake was made by the republicans in persisting in the policy of pushing the force bill through in the face of the opposition of the leading republicans of the South, for whose imagined benefit the bill was being pushed, and against the protest of the masses of the party in the West. The blunder is patent enough now to the most pronounced and persistent champions of the measure, and there is no much likelihood of its enactment in the coming session.

What the Force Bill Did.

(Alexandria True to Democratic.)

Now, that the people of the country have declared against the Force bill, the president, if he be a wiser man than he ever has been before, will abandon his proposed call for an extra session of Congress and allow that bill to die, reflecting its pitiful light upon its authors, Messrs. Lodge, Hoar, Davenport, and others.

High-handed Tyranny.

(New York Herald, Independent.)

When the Fifty-first Congress convened it was composed of 161 democrats and 169 republicans.

This majority of eight was afterward increased to twenty-four by the trick and device of unseating democrats in closely-contested districts.

The patent fact that a man was honestly elected counted for nothing. Without ceremony or a decent regard for evidence he was summarily ousted and his place given to a claimant whose vote would be serviceable in a pinch.

The surplus quickly vanished into thin air. Frye of Maine promised that if his party got a whack at it nothing would be left but a hole in the ground. The promise has been faithfully kept, the only promise, by the way, which the party has not broken.

A TELL-TALE LETTER.

Causes an Abolitionist to Kill His Neighbor.

BIRMINGHAM, November 13.—A sensational tragedy occurred this afternoon at Johns, a mining town twenty-five miles south of here. N. S. Wilson, a merchant, shot and instantly killed R. H. Bristow, a watchmaker, who did business next door. The stores of Wilson and Bristow were some distance from the post-office, and when one of them went for the mail he usually asked for his neighbor's mail also. Today Wilson went for his mail and as usual called for Bristow's. Among the latter's letters Wilson saw one in the handwriting of his wife. Mrs. Wilson was away on a visit to relatives and her husband could not understand why she was writing to Bristow. His suspicions were aroused and he opened the letter. The contents proved that improper relations existed between Bristow and Mrs. Wilson. The injured husband armed himself and walking into Bristow's store shot him dead with a revolver. He then surrendered to the authorities and claimed that the letter he opened was sufficient provocation for the deed.

LITERARY.

"Joseph and His Brethren."

BY CHARLES J. WELLS.

The history of this unique book renders it one of the curiosities of literature.

Wells wrote it in 1834, and it was unnoticed until 1840. Then Rossetti's attention was called to it, and later Swinburne was delighted with it beyond expression, and he declared that there was nothing in English out of Shakespeare that could match it. Finally, by the advertisement of his criticism in the Fortnightly Review, in 1876 Chatto & Windus published the book with Swinburne's criticism as a sort of preface and advertisement. Even with such high commendation it has not had a large sale, even in England. And it has become famous, if only through the high mention that a few scholars have made of it. To be telling the scanty outline of a great poet's life that has lived in this century as a piece of news to the public, to speak of the "discovery" of an English poem that was written in this century, seems strange indeed. And try to explain it as we may, its strangeness remains. And this provokes a long train of questions. What it after all. In this day, when we have more poetry and read more poetry than any age ever had or read before, in this day of great learning and keen appreciation of many literatures, what if we are not wiser than the generations before us that did not recognize genius while it dwelt among them? This man has lived through the years when Goethe, Shelley, Byron, Keats, Browning, Tennyson, De Musset and Hugo have won fame, and because he maintained a lofty indifference to our poor patronage, we have not known him.